

# Arlington Advocate

C. S. PARKER & SON, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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No. 4.

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## ABOUT TOWN MATTERS IN ARLINGTON.

All notices of concerts, lectures, entertainments, etc., to which an admission fee is charged or from which a revenue is to be derived, must be paid for by the manager at the regular advertising rates.

Sessions at the public schools were resumed on Monday.

This evening (Friday) the Orthodox Cong. church on Pleasant street, holds its annual meeting and election of officers.

Mrs. Henry A. Kidder entertained the boys of the neighborhood at her residence on Addison street, on New Year's day, and made it a very happy occasion for her young guests.

Friends have regretted to learn that during the holiday season Mrs. S. C. Bushnell was quite seriously indisposed at the parsonage on Maple street, in charge of a trained nurse.

The first of a series of select weekly dances under the auspices of the Elite Orchestral Club will be held on Tuesday evening, Jan. 11, 1910, in the Arlington Auditorium. Admission, 25 cents.

The Record on Wednesday evening printed the following: "Harvard's Hockey team is handicapped by the absence of Capt. Hicks, who is laid up with a strained tendon, and Hornblower, who is suffering from a slight attack of appendicitis."

Mr. Warren E. Freeman is at Progresso, Mexico, where he went several weeks ago, to represent a Boston firm interested in the mahogany woods in that section. He will probably be in Mexico till February. Mr. Freeman enjoyed the water trip to Mexico, via Cuba, very much.

The annual meeting for the election of officers of Circle Lodge, A. O. U. W., was held Monday evening and the following elected: John H. Harwood, M. W.; Fred S. Smith, P. M.; Jesse G. Pattee, foreman; Dr. Harold R. Webb, overseer; Rodney S. Torrey, guide; John Axtman, I. W.; Charles Church, O. W. The officers will be installed Jan 12.

Mr. and Mrs. Win. A. Muller entertained at dinner at the Belmont Spring Country Club, on New Year's Eve, Miss Marion Churchill, of Newton, who was spending the week-end with them, also Miss Helen L. Bott and Miss Therese Norton, both of Academy street. Mrs. Muller chaperoned this attractive trio of young ladies at the "Nineteen-Ten Assembly," last Saturday evening.

Thursday evening in the Auditorium, basket ball was again played in the town. It is some time since there was a game here on account of the use of the Town Hall for the purpose being denied, and no other hall being available. The Menotomy Canoe Club has started the games. Should they prove a drawing card they will be played each week and followed by dancing.

At the annual meeting of St. Malachi court, M. C. O. F., held Monday evening in Hibernian Hall, the following officers were elected: Edmund Reardon, C. R.; Philip Keane, V. C. R.; Patrick Quinn, treasurer; John Quinn, rec. sec.; Daniel Barry, fin. sec.; Thomas F. Kenney, trustee; Edmund Reardon delegate to the state convention, with Daniel W. Granahan alternate. The officers will be installed Thursday evening, Jan 13.

Regular Sunday night preaching services begin at First Baptist church next Sunday, at 7.30. A chorus of twenty-five voices will lead in the service of song and there will also be a soloist. The "Alexander Gospel Songs" will be used and singing by all the people will be feature. It is proposed to make these services short, direct, and alive, and is to be of the people and for the people. All seats free. Everybody, without distinction of race, condition or creed, who likes to sing and to attend a Christian service will be heartily welcome.

William Turnbull, who was a clerk in the store of the Arlington News Agency when it was conducted by William Nichols, (grandson of the original owner, Mark Richardson), died in California as the result of an explosion of a stove in which natural gas was used. Mr. Turnbull will doubtless be recalled by many. He was the son of Conductor Turnbull, an employee of the B. & M. R. R. for many years, and the funeral took place at Mr. Turnbull's home in Stoneham, on Tuesday afternoon at half-past two. The tragic death caused deep sorrow in the family.

The annual meeting and election of officers of the Guild of St. John's church, was held on Wednesday afternoon of this week, in the Parish House. The treasurer's report was most encouraging and the secretary's report most satisfactory. There have been ten meetings of the Guild at which 201 were present, making an average of twenty at each meeting, and showing a gain of six over that of last year. The officers elected are:

President, Mrs. Arthur B. Lancaster; vice-president, Mrs. Charles Hoxie, Mrs. Wm. Cutler; recording sec., Miss Lena Chard; corresponding sec., Miss Violet Payn-Sills; treasurer, Mrs. James Yeames; auditor, Mrs. William Marsden.

In the neighborhood of one hundred and fifty children and adults enjoyed the New Year party, held in the vestry of the Unitarian church, Friday afternoon and evening, Dec. 31st. The children had a happy time in the afternoon, these numbering about fifty. Miss Vida Damon had the pastries in charge, so you can be assured the little ones had a good time. In the early evening, the adults partook of a delicious supper served in the parlor, furnished as usual by the Women's Alliance. Mrs. H. F. Martin was in charge of the dining room, assisted by Miss Hodgdon, and Misses Rena Gray, Alice Cotton, Nan Hodgdon. Miss Shattuck had the serving in the kitchen in charge, her assistants being Mrs. Burt Houghton, Mrs. J. L. A. Chellis, Mrs. T. H. Emus, Mrs. W. G. Rice, Mrs. W. K.

Hutchinson, Mrs. C. H. Stevens. The evening's entertainment consisted of clever tricks by a sleight-of-hand performer, who was excellent in his line. Miss A. W. Homer was chairman of the entertainment committee.

The regular meeting of St. John's Guild will be held at the Parish House, Thursday, Jan. 13, at two.

The report of the fire at the Old Hill estate on Appleton street, will be found in the Arlington Heights column of news on page five.

John E. Robinson, son of Town Clerk Thomas J. Robinson, has been chosen manager of the High School football team for the next season.

In the Sunday school, at First Baptist church, last Sunday, there were reports from the officers upon the work of the last year. These were very interesting.

Wetherbee Bros. have just made a special skate grinding machine for grinding hockey skates on the shoes; also, have machines for grinding scissors and knives while you wait.

Wetherbee Bros. are putting their Pierce-Arrow cars in fine order for next season. They are being thoroughly overhauled and newly painted and will be equal to new cars in every respect.

Miss Parker will be at home mornings at 12 Pelham terrace, with the exception of Tuesday, to meet customers for trimming and remodeling hats in the latest styles of fall and winter millinery.

The musical numbers to be rendered at First Baptist church, Sunday morning, will be "Hark, Hark, My Soul," Shelley; "Oh for a closer walk." Foster; duet, from Mendelssohn's St. Paul, "We are Ambassadors."

Beginning Friday evening, Jan. 14, Rev. Dr. Wood plans to begin a series of expositions of the Epistles to the Philippians, in the chapel of First Baptist church. These will be the topics for the devotional meeting and will be short and, we hope, practical.

Last Friday evening, Dec. 31, in the Auditorium, the members of Monotony Canoe club held a dancing party. The dancing was kept until the old year had passed out and the new ushered in. The dancing was in charge of Benjamin J. Virovec, floor director.

Last week Friday evening, in G. A. R. Hall, a dancing party was held, under the auspices of the Entre Nous, an organization of young ladies. The committee in charge was Misses Alice Kanaly, Helen Kennedy, Nellie Donahue, Mary Kyne and Mae Dempsey, Mary Mahoney.

Mrs. Harold B. Wood and two children returned to her home at Hudson, N. Y., on Friday of last week, after a visit of three weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Parker, 12 Pelham terrace. She was accompanied home by her sister, Miss Grace Parker, who will be her guest for two weeks.

Mr. Louis C. Taylor, of the British Charitable Society, resident of Arlington, can furnish friends or any whom may desire them, tickets for the grand charity ball, to be given under the direction of the society, at Hotel Somerset, Boston, on the evening of Feb. 2d. Mr. Taylor's address is 39 Wellington street.

One of our readers writes us: "Referring to an item in ADVOCATE of Dec. 31st, we noticed that it stated that there was but one Protestant church service in Arlington on Sunday the 26th, on account of the storm. We would here state that Trinity Baptist church, of East Arlington, held three services. Attendance at morning service 26, Sunday school 53, evening 53. We think this is doing remarkably well for Trinity churchgoers."

Sunday afternoon the Sunday school of the Universalist church held its Christmas concert. Mrs. F. B. Weddigh had the program in charge, and it was performed smoothly and was pleasing in all parts. The choir assisted. Singing by the school was interspersed between a series of recitations and Rev. F. L. Masseck addressed the young people. The recitations were given by Lucia Horrert, Abby Hobbs, Carol Masseck, and members of Miss Smith's class; Susie Whittemore, Ruth Coolidge, Ella Kimball, Abbie Jenkins, Hazel Goodwin, Ruth Horton.

Naturally there was a small attendance at the annual meeting of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Tuesday afternoon, owing to the severity of the weather. The ladies met with Mrs. H. T. Gregory on Walnut street. They arranged to entertain the Middlesex County W. C. T. U., on Tuesday, Jan. 19, at Pleasant street Cong. church. The officers were re-elected for another term. Mrs. John Ewart is president; the vice-presidents are Mesdames Warren A. Peirce, Jas. Yeames, F. A. Wells; secy., Mrs. H. T. Gregory; treas., Mrs. F. A. Johnson.

J. Albert Wilson, organist at the Church of the Epiphany, Winchester, will give his eighth organ recital next Sunday afternoon, at 4.15 p. m. Immediately following the recital the vested choir of thirty-three voices will sing a musical service. The program will be as follows:

Sonata No. 1, Mendelssohn; Sherwood; Macfarlane; Andante cantabile from fourth Symphony, Widor; march, "Pomp and Circumstance," Elgar.

The choir will sing the following anthems: Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis in C. Williams; "The Day is past and over," Marks; "And the Glory of the Lord," from the "Messiah," Handel.

It has been a long time since the interior of the Arlington Boat Clubhouse presented such a beautiful appearance as it did last Tuesday evening, on the occasion of its "ladies' night." There was a large attendance in spite of the cold. The early part of the evening was taken up with an orchestral concert. The en-

tertainment committee of the club, H. F. Berry chairman, Otis R. Whittemore, Walter J. Taplin, Harry H. Whitney, Samuel Usher 2d, George H. Peirce and A. M. Seibert had the evening in charge. Mr. Roger Homer, the president of the club, was the host of the occasion. There was an unusually large number of young ladies of the town present, while the evening dresses worn were more elaborate than usual.

The Centrals of Somerville bowl at the Boat Club on Wednesday evening, Jan. 12.

"Gentlemen's Night" has been arranged for by the Woman's Club on date of Jan. 20.

The directors of Arlington Boat Club hold their annual meeting on Monday evening, Jan. 10.

"Shakespeare's 'Macbeth'" is given in Cotting Hall, this evening, by Mr. Marshall Darragh.

The musical service announced by the Unitarian church for Sunday afternoon is postponed for a week,—until Jan. 16.

Arlington High and the hockey team of the Boat Club play a match this Saturday afternoon, Jan. 8, at three o'clock, on Spy Pond.

Photographs and prints of Old Boston in England and in Massachusetts, will be on exhibition at Robbins Library, until January 24.

The no school signal was sounded at 8.15 a. m., Thursday morning. There were no sessions of the grammar and primary grades all day.

The subject of the prayer and conference meeting at First Baptist church, this (Friday) evening, will be, "Prayer for World-wide Missions."

J. G. Brackett, Esq., sent announcements to his clients of the change of his law office to 624 Mass. avenue, the premises of Arlington Co-operative Bank.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert H. Goodwin, of Water street, sailed to-day on the S. S. "Liman," of the United Fruit Co., for a three weeks' trip to San Jose, Costa Rica.

The installation of the recently elected and appointed officers of Bethel Lodge, I. O. O. F., will take place in Odd Fellows Hall on Wednesday evening, Jan. 12.

Mrs. Mary E. Jackson will be the speaker at the New Thought meeting to be held at the residence of Mrs. Alexander Adams, 355 Mass. avenue, Jan. 11, 1910, at 10 o'clock. All are cordially invited.

Next Thursday evening Grand Army Post 36 has a good time in store for them. It is the annual installation of officers, with Past-Dept. Com. John E. Gilman, the perennially popular installing officer, as the chief attraction of the event.

The Junior class of Arlington High, 1911, gave a social dance, last Thursday evening, complimentary to the class of 1910. The juniors were fortunate in being represented by a committee of arrangements made up of energetic and bright young people who attended to all the details of the occasion with no little ability. The invitations issued were extremely handsome and bore an illuminated die of the 1911 class pin. This may also be said of the order of dances, which were gotten up in the highest style of the printer's and engraver's art. The young men having these matters in charge worked hard, and certainly if everything was not exactly as it ought to have been it was not their fault. Harlan Reycroft was the chairman of the committee, his associates being Harriet Holt, Dorothy Black, Ward Chick and Lawrence Minchin. The school authorities very generously gave the use of Cotting Hall, in the High school, for the purposes of the dance. The party was matronized by Mrs. Louis W. Reycroft and Mrs. Wm. B. Wood.

Bradshaw Missionary Asso'n held its annual meeting and election of officers in the parlor of Pleasant St. Congregational church, on Monday afternoon, at three o'clock. The attendance was not as large as usual, yet twenty-five were on hand to transact the business. Mrs. Fred'k B. Thompson, the retiring president, whose work the past two years has had such successful results, presided and conducted the business. During the past year some eight hundred dollars have passed through the hands of the society, a large per cent of this sum being employed for missionary and benevolent purposes. This is a record the ladies can well be proud of.

The speaker of the afternoon was Mrs. Clancy, the wife of a minister formerly settled at Portland, Me., who now resides on Cleveland street, in Arlington. Mrs. Clancy is a woman of intelligence and refinement and gave an interesting talk on "Foreign Missions." Miss Burrage and Mrs. Myron Taylor served refreshments at the close of the afternoon. For the ensuing year the association will be offi-</

## WASHINGTON LETTER

By CARL SCHOFIELD, Special Correspondent.

Sectional feeling has arisen over two elegant pieces of bronze statuary that have recently been placed side by side in the national Walhalla, or hall of fame, in the capitol. Visitors from many lands passing through statuary hall are attracted by these magnificent works of art and pause to admire them. One is a statue of George Washington, a replica of Houdon's immortal masterpiece, the original of which is in the capitol at Richmond. The other is a statue of Robert E. Lee, representing him in full military uniform as the general in chief of the Confederate armies.

## General Lee in Bronze.

The statue of General Lee would attract attention in any art gallery in the world. The pose is splendid, the artist's conception idealistic. He stands with head erect and looks every inch a soldier and a leader of men. The bronze effigy of Lee seems lonesome surrounded, as it is, by the statues of statesmen and heroes who stood for the Union in opposition to the Confederacy. By a strange coincidence the statue of Lee presents a direct face to the marble statue of Oliver P. Morton, Indiana's war governor, whose untiring zeal in furnishing men and munitions against General Lee's soldiers is recorded with special emphasis in history.

## Gift of the Old Dominion.

The congressional delegation from the state of Virginia is preparing to offer the statues of Washington and Lee as the gift of the Old Dominion to the nation. Tentatively the delegation decided that Feb. 22 would be the proper time for this ceremonial to take place, as that is the anniversary of the birth of Washington. "Take one, take both," is the ultimatum of the delegation. In other words, if congress accepts the statue of Washington it must also accept the statue of General Lee.

The advisability of allowing such a precedent to be established is bothering the northern leaders in congress. They are informed that if the Lee statue is permitted to rest undisturbed in statuary hall the legislature of Kentucky very likely will send the statue of Jefferson Davis there, coupled with a statue of Abraham Lincoln, subject to the same "take-one-take-both" sort of agreement. Ex-Governor Beckman of Kentucky is said to be advancing such an idea. Both Davis and Lincoln were natives of the Blue Grass State.

## Justice Marshall's Manuscripts.

The famous manuscript book collection of the late Chief Justice John Marshall may be added to the library of congress as the result of a bill introduced in the senate this week by Mr. Paynter of Kentucky. The library is now in the possession of Mrs. Sallie Ewing Marshall Hardy of Louisville, great-granddaughter of Chief Justice Marshall, and will be purchased for \$5,000 if Senator Paynter's bill is passed. The collection of old books was in Justice Marshall's possession until his death, after which the works were passed down from one generation to another. All of the books, despite their age, are in good condition, thanks to the care of Mrs. Hardy and other relatives, in whose libraries they have been for a century.

## Interesting Letters.

As set forth in Senator Paynter's bill the works in the library are as follows: British order book containing daily orders of British army, about to embark for America, from the assembling on Wimbledon common for inspection before King George until the day of the surrender to Washington (this volume presented to Justice Marshall by Martha Washington and Judge Bushrod Washington); army register of troops under immediate command of George Washington; Justice Marshall's diary while in France as special envoy of the United States in 1797, containing copies of all papers sent to the state department; Talleyrand's letters in French, Timothy Pickering's letters in English, and Chief Justice Marshall's observations in France.

## War Declared on Sparrows.

Facing the commissioners, the superintendent of street cleaning and the superintendent of parking, as well as the police department of the District, is the question of what is to be done with the hundreds of thousands of English sparrows now infesting the District and which are refining the trees which line the city's thoroughfares. Several suggestions have been made to the commissioners, and requests for immediate action have been made.

In the trees lining the north side of Pennsylvania avenue from Thirteenth and Half to Twelfth street thousands of the little birds have taken up their abode. The sycamores and other types of trees have not only been stunted in their growth by such habitation, but some of them have been killed, it is alleged.

## Electrocution Suggested.

How best to rid the city of the sparrows is now being considered by the officials. It has been suggested that each policeman be armed with a noiseless gun and during the hours before dawn engage in target practice on the birds.

Other suggestions have been filed with the commissioners. The scientifically inclined have suggested a method which they say is even more feasible than that of shooting. This is to electrocute the birds. Place perches which have been connected with electric wiring in the trees, they say, and whenever a sparrow alights on one of these death will be painless and instantaneous.

## HOW THE PRINCE CAME

**Jim Wade Fears He Would Lose His Daughter, and He Did.**

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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Jim Wade shaded his eyes with one broad hand and looked over his rich fields ripe for the harvest. As far as the eye could see from his point of vantage on the ranch house steps the land was his own.

Because Molly Wade was his only child, Jim, watching her grow up from a motherless girlhood, was full of fears and apprehensions for her future. The best in the world was none too good for Molly, and so away to school Molly went, and when she came back, unchanged, unspoiled, he was thankful.

She came back as simple hearted and home loving as when she had taken her tearful farewell of him. The so called broader life for women had no attraction for Molly Wade. She was first and last a home lover—a homemaker.

Jim sighed even then as he watched her directing the affairs of the house they occupied. Almost any day now some handsome young man might come along and rob his nest of its one birdling. And each morning he looked searching into her clear blue eyes seeking some change that might tell him of the threatened invasion of her heart, for suitors there were in plenty at the Wade ranch.

This morning Molly dashed around from the corral on her little black mare Daisy. "Where now, honey?" asked Jim. "A ride in the corn, father. Can't you come, dear?" Molly's hair was like ripened corn silk, and her eyes were as blue as the sky overhead. The black of her hat made a frame for her delicate skin, tinted with bloom and warmed by the sun. Slender and lithe, she swayed in the saddle with a grace that was only equalled by her dancing.

"Sorry, honey, but it's pay day, you know. The old man's got to stay home and work this morning. Don't go too far. And get your gun handy?"

Molly patted the belt at her trim waist, where a small revolver gleamed in the holster. "Right here, dad. I'll be home in time for dinner. So long!" "Don't let any fairy prince run away with you, daughter," admonished Jim. "I know I worry a lot about that prince that's coming after my little gal some day." There was more gravity than fun in Jim's voice, and slowly between them was becoming a serious matter to her father.

She urged Daisy to the foot of the steps and flicked her father lightly on the shoulder with her whip. "Dad, dear, I really believe you are worried. I've never even seen the man—or prince—I'd leave you for. There, are you satisfied?" He leaned down and kissed her lovely, laughing face, and a warm smile lighted his grim features.

"God bless you, darling. I want you to be happy, but I hope it will be many a day before the prince does come. I'm a selfish old brute, eh?" "Not a bit, dad. And when he does come we'll set him to work in the fields and live right along with you."

With a laughing, backward glance Molly rode away toward the fields of tall corn that had not yet fallen prey to the snapping reapers.

A thousand acres of corn whispering in the wind! It was like a thick forest, thought Molly, as Daisy threaded her way daintily through the tall stalks.

Overhead the yellowed leaves rustled crisply. On either side they reached long, fluttering fingers to brush Molly's soft hair. Her eyes grew dreamy as she listened to the whispering, and a look came into her face—a look that her father had never seen.

Molly had had her day dreams—indeed, she had dreamed of a lover who came out of a fascinating world of which she had caught a mere glimpse in her school days. The prince who would come and claim her one day would come spinning down the state road in a motorcar. Handsome he would be and merry and rollicking as so many of those gay automobilists appeared to be.

But when it came to the wrench of parting with her dear father Molly's dream always changed to one where the dashing motorist became enamored of farm life and elected to settle down at Wade's ranch for a lifetime, with a huge red car stabled among the horses.

All at once Molly drew rein and listened to a sound other than the sighing of the corn. There was the thud, thud, of hoofs in another aisle near by. Perhaps it was her father, or, at any rate, it would be one of the men from the ranch.

"Hello!" called Molly musically. "Hello!" came back in a man's deep voice.

As the man lifted his battered felt hat Molly realized that he was a stranger, and her cheeks grew warm under the gaze of his dark eyes. He was very good to look upon, young and straight and strong, with sun-brown face and chestnut hair. His blue flannel shirt was open at the throat, and the skin below the collar was smooth and white. From the saddle bow swung a bundle rolled in a blanket.

"I am afraid I've lost my way," said the stranger pleasantly, "said kissing Molly's bright face, so near his own.

"A prince in disguise," whispered Molly.

direct me to Wade's place, or is it possible you are lost too?"

Molly smiled and shook her head. "I can show you the way easily. I am Mr. Wade's daughter," she explained over her shoulder as the little mare walked on.

The stranger turned his horse into the aisle behind Molly and followed close in her wake.

"My name is Norton—Scott Norton," he said after a little pause. "I'm looking for work in the fields. I was told Mr. Wade needed help."

"He does," assented Molly eagerly. "They want to make crop before the 20th, and father was wishing this morning for half a dozen extra men."

"I am very glad," said Norton.

Something in the tone of his voice thrilled Molly's tender heart. She knew as plainly as if he had told her in so many words that he had been in hard luck and that he had traveled a long distance in search of this job. The miserable beast he rode was a scarecrow, probably purchased with his last penny.

They came to the edge of the cornfield and emerged into a well beaten road bordered on either side by corn.

"I missed this road somehow," said Norton, riding abreast of Molly. "It must be well on to noon, isn't it?"

His lack of a watch deterred Molly from looking at her own little timepiece. She glanced up at the sun with a delightful knitting of her pretty brows.

"Dear me, it is late! We must hurry," she said.

Behind them came the shriek of a siren and the distant hum of a speeding motorcar. Molly had barely time to urge her mare to the edge of the corn when her eyes caught a horrified glimpse of the stranger's balky horse rigid in the path of the speeding vehicle.

There was a warning shout, a queer crashing thud and a cloud of dust. Then Molly found herself kneeling beside the prostrate stranger, while an excited automobilist borrowed her revolver to still the agony of the injured horse.

The party of men carried the unconscious form of their victim to the uninjured car, and it was Molly Wade, white lipped and trembling, who took a place in the tonneau and supported the quiet head against her shoulder.

To her it seemed as if she was his only friend in an inhospitable land. One of the men awkwardly rode the mare in the rear of the car, and slowly they trailed through the dust toward the wide gate of the ranch.

Jim Wade, sitting on the wide porch, reading a newspaper, saw them coming, a strange procession. The sight of a stranger riding Daisy was like a knife thrust in his heart, and when the machine stopped at the steps he could barely make his way to the ground and assure himself that Molly was safe and sound.

His daughter's voice cut into the noisy explanations of the men.

"This man was on his way to the ranch looking for work, father, when he was struck. He must need medical attention. I think he is recovering consciousness. If you will take him into the house I will telephone to Dr. Acklin."

It was the work of an instant for the five men to improvise a litter and carry the stranger into the house and deposit him on Jim Wade's own bed. Jim Wade himself applied restoratives and announced that the man had suffered no injury beyond a broken arm and severe shock. He detained the automobilists, however, until the arrival of the doctor.

Molly did not appear at dinner where the four strangers joined her father. She had sent Hannah, the servant, to the sick chamber to await the arrival of the doctor while she took the domestic's place in the kitchen.

Dr. Acklin confirmed Jim Wade's estimation of the injuries to Scott Norton—a badly fractured arm and a severely shaking up. Six weeks' confinement and rest for the first and quiet and repose for the last. The motor party made up a purse for the victim, which Jim Wade promptly returned to them.

"He's our friend," he said, with dignity. "Any one that comes to my door in trouble and needs me is my friend. I look out for my friends. Take a lesson, gentlemen—go slow; go slow!"

They departed, soothed by the experience, while Hannah was installed as head nurse in the sick chamber and Molly assumed the woman's duties in the kitchen. Late that evening she related the incident to her father, and as he noted the new light in her eyes his heart grew troubled.

"The fellow can't be a prince in disguise. Molly, I won't have it so!" he blurted out.

"Why, dad!" blushed Molly. "We don't know Mr. Norton, and, anyway, princes come in coaches and in splendid motorcars, with gorgeous clothes. They don't lose themselves in cornfields and ride—oh, such a horrible horse, father. I'm glad the poor beast is dead."

And with the change of subject Jim had to be satisfied.

Nevertheless another summer found Molly preparing for her wedding. Scott Norton had recovered, been tried and found to be the right man wanted by Jim Wade to assist in the management of the ranch. He had no people and no home, and he came to round out the family circle at the ranch.

"So you are Molly's prince," said Jim Wade, with tears in his eyes; "an American prince, I take it, because you just came along when you were needed. I need you, and—Molly needs you to make her happy."

"I need you both," said Norton, with emotion. "I am a sorry prince, sweetheart," he said, kissing Molly's bright face, so near his own.

"A prince in disguise," whispered Molly.

## HUMOR OF THE HOUR

## She Named Him.

Hezekiah Horsefly smiled knowingly as he stood in the crowd in front of the fortune teller's booth with one hand on his silver watch.

"She'll tell you your past! She'll tell you your future! She'll tell you your name!" roared the barker through his megaphone.

"Bet she squash she can't do it!" muttered Hezekiah to himself.

"If she can't tell you your name she'll refund your money!" yelled the barker as he sized up Hezekiah and seemed to know what was passing in his mind.

"By hen, I'll do it!" exclaimed the man from Podunk. "I'll bev some fun for nothing!" And a moment later he had paid \$2 in advance and was sitting face to face with Madame Tabasco, the famous gypsy queen.

"You are going on a long journey," she began as she studied his hand.

"Yep; that's what they all say," sneered Hezekiah. "Go on and tell me my name or gimme my money back."

"A blond lady whom you have never seen has fallen madly in love with you, and—"

"I don't keer a punkin seed if she has!" he broke in angrily. "I'm here to be told my name."

"But I warn you to beware of a short, fat man," continued the fortune teller. "He will!"

"And I don't keer a bumblebee about a short, fat man!" exclaimed Hezekiah. "I want my name or there'll be sum trouble around here. You know you can't tell it!"

"You would have me tell you your name?" she asked.

"That's what I'm here fur, grandma," he flippantly replied.

"Very well, sir. But first let me tell you your future. Let me give you a warning that will be worth fifty times the small sum you have paid. A dark man will soon cross your path, and if you meet him—"

"I kin take keer of all the dark men that cross my path. I'll give you a minit more to tell me my name."

"Very well, sir," said Miss Tabasco as she touched a bell and a smile came over her face. "Your name is 'Suck'er'."

And after Hezekiah Horsefly had been hustled out by the bouncer he agreed that the fortune teller had hit the nail on the head.—A. B. Lewis in Judge's Library.

## A Twister.

The little girl was starting to join her mother, who was visiting friends in a neighboring city. "Tell mamma," said her father as he put her on the train and "kissed her goodby," that I am taking good care of the flowers in the back yard."

"I will, papa."

"And be sure to tell her that the golden glow is growing gloriously."

"I'll remember, papa."

The train moved off, and she was gone. An hour or two later she delivered the message.

"Mamma," she said, "papa told me to tell you that he was taking good care of the flowers."

"I am glad to hear it, dear."

"And I was to be sure to tell you that the golden glow is glowing—no, the golden glow is going—I mean the glory glow is golding glorious—the glory glow is gotting—mamma, what is the name of that big yellow flower that grows in the back yard?"

"The golden glow, dear."

"Well, I was to be sure to tell you that the golden glow is glowing—no, the golden glow is going—I mean the glory glow is golding glorious—the glory glow is gotting—mamma, what is the name of that big yellow flower that grows in the back yard?"

"The golden glow, dear."

"Well, he says it's doing first rate."

Youth's Companion.

## Foolish Finance.

"Will you lend me ten?"

"Not until you pay me back the five you owe me."

## A VINDICTIVE KNIFE.

The Weapon That Tried Several Times to Kill Kipling.

My mind has down back down the years to London and into the large corner room on the second floor, Villiers street, Embankment Gardens. On the wall fronting the Thames hangs the most vicious looking knife I have ever seen. It is serpentine in shape, and its downward point is as sharp as a needle.

"What a villainous weapon!" I said.

"Yes," replied Kipling, and I forgot the name he gave it or the section of India from which it came. "That knife has tried to kill me several times. It's always on the watch. When I got it there was affixed to it, like a button on a foil, one joint of a man's backbone. The knife had been run into the vertebrae, given a savage twist and brought away with it a piece of human framework."

As he spoke he approached the glistening, snake-like knife.

"Don't touch it!" I cried. "You ought to keep it in a locked box."

He didn't touch it, so far as I saw, but as he raised his hand the knife dropped like a plummet and stood quivering in the floor within an inch of his boot.

"Look at that!" he said and stood there without moving a muscle until I saw how nearly the shinier blade had come to impaling his foot. — Robert Barr in London World.

## A CONVERT.

He Is Now a Firm Believer in Psychic Phenomena.

"Do I believe in the occult? Sure, I do," said the suburbanite as he settled down into his seat in the smoking car and filled his pipe. "I was just as great a skeptic as you are until a week ago. I was firmly convinced that table manipulation was a fake, that mind reading was pure guess-work and that all alleged psychic phenomena could be attributed to natural causes. But now I'm willing to accept the entire propaganda. Nothing is too obscure for me to accept on blind faith. I've experienced a complete change of heart, as they used to say in the old camp meetings."

"You see, it was this way. My friend Higgins, who is really a bug on the occult, induced me to go to a seance with him the other afternoon and prevailed upon me to have a sitting. In spite of my nonbelief he said I was a good subject, and I guess I was. The lady who was delivering the soul fluid told me I should have trouble with a stout, dark woman. All the way out on the train that evening the idea haunted me. I couldn't get it out of my head."

"And say, she was right. What happened? Why, when I got home I found myself up against the proposition of firing the colored cook. Sure, I believe in the occult. Got a light?" — New York Times.

## Stevenson's Cup of Misery.

R. L. Stevenson, writing in 1883 to George Meredith, in an epistle quoted in his "Letters," says, with heart touching pathos:

"For fourteen years I have not had a day's real health. I have wakened sick and gone to bed weary, and I have done my work unflinchingly. I have written in bed and written out of it, written in hemorrhages, written in sickness, written torn by coughing, written when my head swam for weakness, and for so long, it seems to me, I have won my wager and recovered my glove. I am better now—have been, rightly speaking, since first I came to the Pacific—and still few are the days when I am not in some physical distress. And the battle goes on ill or well is trite so that it goes. I was made for a contest, and the powers have so willed that my battlefield should be this dingy, inglorious one of the bed and the physic bottle. At least I have not failed, but I would have preferred a place of trumpeting and the open air over my head."

## How to Know the Twins.

The Beverly twins, Fred and Frank, were such exact counterparts of each other that none of the neighbors could tell them apart, and even their mother sometimes had her doubts. The resemblance is accentuated by the fact that they are dressed exactly alike.

"How in the world can you yourself tell which is which, Mrs. Beverly?" asked a caller one day.

"To tell the truth," she answered. "I can't always. But if I hear a noise in the pantry and I call out, 'Fred, is that you?' and he says, 'Yes, mamma, I know it's Frank and that he's in some kind of mischief.' — Exchange.

## Wonderful Cactuses.

The largest cactuses in the world are those to be found in parts of Mexico. The curious bristling plants common in greenhouses and even in botanical collections give but a poor idea of the size and beauty of this variety. It is common, for example, to find a single plant growing to a height of eight or ten feet which will weigh several hundred pounds. The cactuses grow in a bewildering variety of forms and colors. Their blossoms are correspondingly large and variegated.

## A Cynical Citizen.

"Is your town improving?" "Yep," answered Broncho Bob. "The figures show that the tone of Crimson Gulch is improving. The population has decreased 30 per cent in the last year, and I don't know of anybody whose absence wouldn't be a benefit." — Washington Star.

A bond of union is soon formed between brethren in misfortune.—Le Sagl.

## NEW SHORT STORIES

Frank Lloyd Wright's Autobiography.

The doctor's dialectic adversary was a drummer who had purchased a paper backed edition of some lectures delivered by the late Colonel Inger-soll.

It was all an overwhelming novelty for the drummer.

With his natural gift of loquacity a very brief intake of ideas sufficed, and he began to spout like a geyser.

Everybody within the sound of his voice was deluged, including the un-



"AND CREATION ISN'T SUCH A MUCH, ANY-WAY."

fortunate Dr. Aked, who wished to escape, but couldn't, as the drummer preferred a clergyman.

"Health ought to be catching, you know," shouted the drummer.

"It is," added the minister meekly.

"Then there was Moses," pursued the drummer, "who paid no attention to counterstrokes. He made mistakes only."

"So do we all," suggested the clergyman, "and Moses told us ours first."

"And creation isn't such a much, anyway," went on the drummer like a springtime flood. "Nothing in the universe is made well."

"For instance?"

"Er—ourselves. We have eyelids to protect the eye, but our ears have no lids. Now, if it had been a good job we could rest our sense of hearing by closing a lid over it once in awhile, couldn't we?"

It was the doctor's turn to enthuse.

"Great," he exclaimed. "You have actually uttered a new idea—at least one that I have never heard before. I will concede you a point against the human ear. I would give thanks to the Maker if he had made mine with lids. Believe me, sir, if it were so I should close them now." — New York Telegraph.

## The Historic Bird.

Speaking of Christmas turkeys," said Sir Thomas Lipton in the Cedric's smoking room, "reminds me of a Piccadilly club."

A Devonshire man sent this club about Christmas a fine, large swan in a hamper. The hamper was addressed to the secretary, who notified the club members of the treat that was in store, and a special swan dinner was arranged for the day before Christmas.

The swan came on at this dinner looking magnificent—erect and stately on a great silver gilt salver. But tough! It was so tough you couldn't have carved the gravy. All perceived that they had been hoaxed.

"A few days later the sender of the swan dropped in at the club.

"'Got my swan all right, I hope?' he said to the secretary.

"'Yes, and a nice trick you played on us,' was the reply.

"'Trick? What do you mean?'

"'Why, we boiled that swan for sixteen hours, and when it came on the table it was tougher than a block of granite.'

"Good gracious! Did you have my swan cooked?"

"Yes, of course."

"The other was in despair."

"Why, that bird was historic," he groaned. "I sent him up to be stuffed and preserved. He had been in my family for 200 years. He had eaten out of the hand of King Charles I."

## A Mild December.

The late Joseph Dorsey of San Jose, the famous detective whose best feat was the capture of Canon Bernard after a chase from Alaska to Cape Horn, used to impute his success to his knowledge of men.

"A detective," he would say, "should know the habits of every class. Then no disguise can deceive him."

"All men, even the most methodical, have their habits. Even the tramp has his."

"You great big lazy loafer," I said to a tramp one December day, "you ought to be in jail!"

"Yes, Algie," the tramp replied as he pretended to fix a monocle in his eye. "Yes, I know it's the correct thing for our set at this season. Algie; but, deuce take it, it's such a mild winter, don't you know?"

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## THE EARLY STAGE.

Boys in Female Parts and the First English Actresses.

Not long since a critic, noticing the advent of a new Ophelia in London, observed that, while the actress acquitted herself very well, she could hardly be considered "Shakespeare's Ophelia," which was undoubtedly the case, inasmuch as Shakespeare's Ophelia was a boy, either a chorister or a page in the service of one of the theater's patrons.

No English actress made her appearance before the restoration. On Jan. 3 Pepys records, "To the theater, where was acted the 'Beggar's Bush,' it being very well done, and here the first time that ever I saw women come upon the stage."

But these, it is suspected, were mere "walking ladies." A few days later the dairiarist went to see a performance of "The Silent Woman." Among other things here Kynaston, the boy, had the good turn to appear in three shapes: first as a poor woman in ordinary clothes to please Morose, then in the clothes as a gallant and in them was clearly the prettiest woman in the whole house." He had a year before declared that "Kynaston as Olympia made the loveliest lady that I ever saw in my life."

The distinction of being the first English actress has been variously ascribed to Mrs. Davenport, Mrs. Knipp and Mrs. Davies. They all appeared the same year (1661). Mrs. Davies, together with the principal actresses in Sir William Davenant's company, being boarded in the manager's "own house." —London Strand Magazine.

## A DOE'S STRATAGEM.

Throw the Dogs Off the Scent and Saved Her Fawn.

The following anecdote is related by M. X. Raspail. It is worthy of comparison with the most remarkable of instances of the same kind:

The author one day perceived a doe in full flight before two dogs in the Aigle woods that form a part of the forest of Chantilly. The doe was accompanied by a very young fawn, which appeared quite exhausted and ready to drop. The mother, doubtless well aware of this, slackened her pace and presently stopped close to some thick bramble bushes. She remained some time there with lowered head as if awaiting the onset of her pursuers.

Suddenly an idea seemed to strike her, and with a butt of the head she tossed her fawn right into the middle of the thicket. Then, first advancing gently as if to make sure it was well hidden, she soon set off by rapid bounds in front of the dogs. The latter barking close upon her heels, she made a sudden bend and thus drew them far from the spot where this incident occurred. The howling of the dogs became fainter and fainter, the valiant animal having doubtless led them two kilometers away into the Cailleries bog, where the dogs often lose the scent.

In fact, later they were seen returning to the village in an exhausted condition, while the intelligent mother doubtless returned to the bushes to find the little fawn she had so cleverly hidden and placed in safety. —Vulgarian Scientific.

When Matches Were Introduced. The *Atlas*, a London newspaper, published on Jan. 10, 1830, the following paragraph under the head of "Instantaneous Light": "Among the different methods invented for obtaining light instantaneously ought certainly to be recorded that of Mr. Walker, chemist, Stockton-on-Tees. He supplies the purchaser with prepared matches, which are put into boxes, but are not liable to change in the atmosphere, and also with a piece of fine glass paper folded in two. Even a strong blow will not inflame the matches, because of the softness of the wood underneath, or does rubbing upon wood or any common substance produce any effect except that of spoiling the match. But when one is pinched between the folds of the glass paper and suddenly drawn out it is instantly inflamed." Mr. Walker does not make them for extensive sale, but only to supply the small demand in his own neighborhood."

## The Parthenon.

The destruction of that famous building the Parthenon took place in 1087 during the siege of Athens by the Venetians. The Turks held the city, and the Parthenon was used for a powder magazine. One day during the conflict a Venetian bombshell dropped into the building, and the explosion followed which badly shattered the structure. From that date the renowned building has stood roofless and exposed to all the inclemencies of the weather. For more than 2,000 years the temple stood entire, and in its ruins is the architectural wonder of the world. —New York American.

## Peculiar Taxation in Holland.

Some of the most peculiar of taxation recorded are to be found in the archives of Holland. In 1791, for instance, there was in existence a tax imposed on all passengers traveling in Holland. In 1874 a duty of 2 shillings was levied on each person who entered a tavern before noon, on those who entered a place of entertainment, on marriages and deaths and on many other things. If a person was buried out of the district to which he belonged the tax was payable twice over.

## The Usual Way.

"Do you keep servants?" "No. We are like all other housekeepers in that respect. We hire servants, but do not succeed in keeping them." —Houston Post.

## HOW LONG IS A DAY?

Some of the World's Inhabitants Eat 315 Meals During One.

If we should meet a man and he should casually remark that he ate 315 meals yesterday we would doubtless be somewhat astonished at his appetite. Likewise we would feel sorry for the man who said that, having foolishly eaten three eggs with bacon for breakfast, he had no appetite for his Christmas dinner. But maybe the first man was from Spitzbergen, where they have a day three and a half months in length, whereas the poor chap who missed the Christmas feast lived in Finland, at Torena, where Christmas day is something less than three hours long.

On the whole, it would be rather wise if one should undertake to do certain work, to receive so much per day in payment, to understand just where the work is to be done, else one might have to labor eighteen and a half hours at Stockholm, if it happened to be the longest day of the year, or all the time from May 21 to July 22 if at Wardbury, in Norway. In St. Petersburg the longest day is nineteen hours and the shortest five hours. At Torena, Finland, there is a twenty-two hour day. At London and Bremen the longest day is sixteen and a half hours, while at Hamburg and Dantzig there are seventeen hours in the longest day. In Washington the longest day is about fifteen hours. —Exchange.

## HIS CONUNDRUM.

Propounded in Prose, It Was Answered in Rhyme.

In the olden time before the war, the days so famous for generous hospitality in the south, a brilliant party was assembled at dinner in a beautiful country homestead. Across the table wit flashed back and forth, and the guests began to vie with one another in proposing conundrums.

## Arlington Advocate

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## P. O. Deficiency.

As has been usual for several years on the assembling of Congress, we read in official utterances and see in public prints a hue and cry about the huge deficiency in the post office receipts from second class matter, the last report showing a deficiency of sixty-four million dollars. The government receives one cent a pound and the cost is figured at nine cents a pound. Time and again it has been proposed to eliminate this deficiency by increasing the cost to publishers, but so far without success. This has been for the reason there has been no discrimination proposed in the bill, while the facts call for most careful consideration of the daily and weekly papers, for the reason that rates now paid by them nearly, if not quite, cover the cost to the post office department.

It was for this class of publications that the low rate of postage on second class matter was fixed, but in the last twenty years magazines and trade journals, slipping in under department rulings, have increased thirteen hundred per cent, and this class to-day constitutes more than sixty per cent of all matter marked as second class. The newspapers properly claim that the postage on these publications should bear at least the full cost of their transportation.

Take the case of papers like our own. We pay the regular rate, but we transport the papers from our office to the post office, and pay as much for the delivery of a paper to every local subscriber as for sending a paper to Florida, Maine, or Sandwich Islands.

President Taft, in his message to Congress, recommended an increase where we believe it should be placed,—on the magazines and miscellaneous publications other than newspapers; but, if necessary, we believe newspaper publishers would willingly go a step farther and pay an increase on all papers sent outside the state, as being of the long-haul class. To increase the mail charge, however, on local issues, which the government pays nothing to carry, would be not only rank injustice, but a burden on publishers and a tax on education utterly foreign to the spirit of our institutions. Cut out the deficiency if possible, but in a fair and equitable way. This is all the newspaper men ask.

## General Court Convenes.

On Wednesday, in the State House on Beacon Hill in Boston, the 131st session of the Great and General Court, now designated as the Legislature, was convened. Controversies over presiding officers of the two branches having been settled a year ago and confirmed at the recent election by the return of both, the choice of President of the Senate and Speaker of the House, as well as filling minor offices, was merely a formality on the part of the Republicans, who have more than ample majorities in both branches. Hon. Allen T. Treadwell is President of the Senate; Joseph Walker, Speaker of the House. The other officers are those serving last year, with the exception of Thomas F. Pedrick, who succeeds David T. Remington, who had resigned his office of Sergeant-at-Arms. The latter, on the invitation of his successor in office, served on Wednesday and Thursday through the somewhat complicated red-tape program that induces into office the new state government and controls the opening session of the Legislature.

The plan of announcing committees and drawing seats on the first day of the session, established last year for the delay until all other preliminaries were arranged, that has so long obtained, was every way so satisfactory that it was repeated on Wednesday.

Thursday was inauguration day and the usual brilliant assembly thronged the Representatives' Hall to listen to the address of Gov. Draper on entering on his second term as Governor.

Senator J. Howell Crosby, by virtue of signal service as well as by the usual courtesy, gets the second "Senatorial plumb" of chairmanship of the Ways and Means Committee, while retaining the chairmanship of Metropolitan Affairs, in which position he "won his spurs" last year. Busy last year in framing Boston's new city charter, he will have full occupation with amendments to that measure sure to be offered during the 1910 session.

Representative Edwin A. Bayley's ability and standing has also been recognized in committee appointments this year. He is head of Mercantile Affairs committee, has a place on the Railroad committee and also on the Standing committee of the House on Elections.

Senator Harvey of Waltham, representing the District of which Lexington is a part, is chairman of Legal Affairs committee, has a place on Metropolitan Affairs, and has second place on Insurance.

Mrs. Flora Adams Darling, the founder general of the Daughters of the Revolution, died at her apartments in New York, on Thursday morning, of apoplexy. Mrs. Darling was one of the most active and widely known women who have been active in organizing and shaping the policy of Daughters of the Revolution. She was organizer of the first society, its president, and has served in the national organizations in the same capacity. Mrs. Darling was in Boston in the fall and was the recipient of many attentions from the Boston and adjacent patriotic societies. She was a cousin of Mr. C. S. Parker, senior editor of this paper, and has resided most of her life in Washington.

A correspondent in the New York Sun has renewed the old, old controversy regarding April 19, 1775, claiming that the first firing on British troops was at Concord, on that memorable day. In view of affidavits open to all students of history, private diaries on file in historical societies, and letters written within a few days of the "battle of Lexington," this seems silly. Major Pitcairn claimed his order to fire was caused because his men had been fired upon by the Minutemen assembled on Lexington Green and justified his firing other than the first volley because his troops were targets for the provincials there assembled.

The suggestion has been made that Denman Thompson construct a play that would give his many admirers an opportunity to see "Joshua Whitcomb" in all those incidents in which this famous character has been seen by the public during the past 30 years. The same may be said to be true of the sketch "Joshua Whitcomb" which Mr. Thompson is now playing at Keith's, and which has brought back memories of 25 years ago to thousands of theatregoers, while many others who became attached to "Joshua in 'The Old Homestead'" welcome this incident in his career which is entirely new to them. It is now suggested that Mr. Thompson string all these incidents into one long play that would last probably 6 or 7 hours. At Mr. Thompson's advanced age it would be impossible, of course, for him to play the part; in fact, two performances a day in vaudeville are proving more congenial to him than the most exacting work of "The Old Homestead," and it is gratifying to his many admirers to learn that his present engagement is proving one of the most successful ever played at Keith's.

## [Correspondence.]

HOTEL BEAU-SITE,  
GRINDELWALD, Switzerland, Dec. 18, '09.

We are at Grindelwald enjoying the winter sports. To us Grindelwald is one of the grandest spots in the Alps, situated as it is in a sort of a blind valley, barred off to the east and south by a rampart of mountains rising directly from the edges of the town to a height of 12,000 and 13,000 feet. To the north and west we are surrounded by mountains of 8,000 and 9,000 feet, except for a narrow valley that twists and turns on its way to Interlaken. I think that those who have visited mountain haunts both in summer and winter will nearly always agree that winter is the time when they are at their best. The fact that today some thirty resorts, in Switzerland alone, are filled with guests, seems to bear me out.

Among the many wrong impressions instilled in our minds in school days, was that in the winter time Switzerland was quite impossible. My mental image of it was a sort of cousin of the north pole. Nothing could be more false, for some of our New England weather would make the Swiss gasp. Here we have plenty of snow; about three feet at present, and the air very dry, but zero weather is hardly known. The temperature varies between 15° and 30° and one day's blue sky is followed by another.

One thing I find to admire in the English and continental, is their ability and their desire to take a few weeks in the winter from business and, with their families, come to one of these winter sport places to play like children in the health giving air. In this little town of hotels and Swiss houses there are six large ice rinks, all of which are filled with skaters daily and at night carefully flooded, so by the next morning the ice may be in perfect condition again. As for coasting,—there are first the roads which are all up and down hill. In one's walks there is constant need to step aside to let some elderly German or dignified looking Englishman pass seated on what we would call a "girl's sled," coasting at a wild speed. Then there are the regular coasts, the largest of which is over a mile and a quarter long, with eight high banked curves laid out scientifically so that your sled, travelling at the rate of over a mile a minute, takes the curves at an angle of 45°. Some of the double runners, or "bob sleds" as they are called, have a torpedo front to break the wind. This and other similar coasts are thronged with white capped, white "sweated" enthusiasts.

Of course others play at polo, curling, etc., but to me, and I find for the majority, skiing is the king of sports. In almost every field, on the road, and on the hill sides you will find the beginners, while those who have "got their feet" venture all over the valley and even climb the lower mountains on the skis. There are several regular ski runs for those expert in the sport. The best comes down off the bottom slope of the Eiger at an angle of nearly 40° and extends some miles and a half. In the centre of it is a leap which last Sunday they were making 87 feet on, but later they tell me they will make a hundred foot jump on. I was told by a friend who made the leap that one is hardly conscious of the touch after the jump, so fast is the speed.

A remarkable thing to me, a New Englander, is to find that these people, who in their own homes hardly ever see snow or ice, and only visit the Swiss resorts for a few weeks a year, are better skaters, skiers, and more daring coasters, as a rule, than you will find in our New England resorts like Poland, Lenox, and

Woodstock. Again they come to play, and with heart and soul enter in the thing whether they are five years old or seventy. Masked skating carnivals, torch coasting, balls and other gaieties keep things lively at night. The health the visitor gets with it all is a big asset.

Why don't our mountain resorts wake up and follow in line. H. B. TURNER.

## Winter Carnival.

There was a merry time New Year day at the Belmont Spring Country Club's midwinter festival at the clubhouse and grounds on the top of the hill in Belmont. A large number of members and friends went out by motor car, on horseback and in barge sleds from the Waverly station, two miles away. Arlington people were quite largely represented.

The program of sports included exhibition of ski jumping and skating by some of the best experts in New England. At noon a luncheon was served and in the evening a large number gathered at the dining tables.

The first event was the fancy skating on the artificial pond, about 800 feet from the house, at the foot of a slight declivity. Quite a large space has been flooded and a few feet from the shore a picturesque tepee with a big open fire gave shelter from the cold.

Later in the afternoon the ski jumping took place. The course is situated on No. 10 fairway of the golf course, not far from the toboggan slide. The jump is about seven feet drop, the run is about 20 feet, it is about 250 feet from the top to the run and the glide below the jump is some 500 feet.

Dr. Andreas F. Christian, of Boston, made several attempts at the jump, but because the snow was too soft and stuck to the skis he was unable to make the glide successfully, although he completed the course highly.

No school signal again Friday morning at Arlington.

## Marriages.

POWER-SULLIVAN.—In Stoneham, Dec. 31, by Rev. Wm. J. Millerick, Stephen J. Power, of Arlington, and Mary C. Sullivan, of Stoneham.

## Deaths.

WHITNEY.—In Lexington, Jan. 5, Ivory B. Whitney, aged 78 years, 5 months.

TOWLE.—In Arlington, Jan. 4, Jane, widow of James F. Towle, of Somerville, aged 82 years, 4 months.

TO LET.—For three months, with board, very desirable sunny suite of three rooms, with private bath, together or singly. Apply at 125 PEASANT STREET, Jan 12.

ROOM TO RENT.—Centrally located and attractively furnished, light and heat provided. Apply at 15 Medford St., Arlington. 25cts?

TO LET.—Suite of six rooms and bath in "The Alice," 15 Medford St. All modern improvements. Rent \$25.00. Apply to ROBINSON & HENDRICKS.

WANTED.—A woman for relief work. Call at 40 IRVING STREET, Arlington. Jan 12.

TO LET.—Apartment at 23 Wellington street, Arlington. Six rooms and bath; all hard wood floors, modern conveniences, hot water heat. Apply to C. R. WHITAL, 473 Mass Ave., Winchester. Phone 4464. Jan 12.

WANTED.—Experienced general housewife girl. Good wages. Call at 35 Dix Street, Winchester. Phone 4464. Jan 12.

HORSE FOR SALE

FOR SALE.—A good family or business horse, Chestnut gelding, seven years old, fifteen hands high, weighing about eleven hundred pounds. Absolutely sound, fearless and safe and a good traveller with great endurance. Apply to EDWARD P. NICHOLS, Oak street, East Lexington.

ROOMS and BOARD.—In central neighborhood and first class in all respects. Apply or address, 18 WATER STREET, Arlington. 180cts?

ROOMS TO LET.—Steam heat, spring water, kitchen privileges at 730 Mass. Avenue. Telephone 339-1 Arlington. 160cts?

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Beginners carefully instructed. J. G. LEETCH, 20 Gray St., Arlington. Tel. 239 2. 18dcts?

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About 26,241 square feet of land with buildings, side track, storage facilities and 200 h. p. engine. Apply to

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129 South St., Boston

## COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS

PROMBATE COURT.

MIDDLESEX, 88.

To the State Board of Insanity, the next of kin and all persons interested in the estate of NEHEMIH H. CUTTER, of Arlington, in said County, an insane person.

Whereas, Byron B. Johnson, the guardian of said insane person, presented his petition for license to sell at private sale in accordance with the offer named in said petition or upon such terms as may be adjudged best certain real estate therein specified, of his ward for investment.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the nineteenth day of January, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation, giving a copy thereof to each of your heirs at least before said Court, or by publishing the same on the first and each week, for three successive weeks in the American Advertiser, a newspaper published in Arlington, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by delivering a copy of said citation to the State Board of Insanity seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-ninth day of December, in the year one thousand nine hundred and nine.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

## FOR RENT.

SUITE 2 IN THE CALDWELL.

Six rooms, open plumbing. Hot water heat. Janitor service. Halls lighted and cared for. Also, house, 8 Park St., Place, 6 rooms, \$10. 300cts ff.

GEO. D. MOORE, 133 Broadway.

Wood Bros. Express,

669 MASS. AVENUE.

The Arlington Expressmen

and Furniture Movers.

Telephone 431-2. Call us up.

8aungly

## Brief News Items.

Farm products of this country, for the year 1909, totalled \$8,700,000,000, a gain of eleven per cent over 1908.

Employees on the B. & M. system have presented a petition for a ten per cent raise in wages and a ten hour day.

Mrs. Russell Sage has made a gift to Yale College of \$65,000 with which to erect a stadium and prepare a new athletic field.

Capt. John C. Fremont, son of the "Pathfinder" of the same name, became Commander at the Charlestown Navy Yard on Jan. 1.

Judges White and Fox have denied a new trial for James Manitir and Peter C. Delorey, convicted of the murder of Annie Mullins.

The repairs on the dyke at Chelsea, broken by the recent flood, were completed this week. Every precaution to ensure safety was taken.

A large power house of Boston Elevated R. R. in Boston, the first one it erected, was destroyed by fire, a few days ago. The loss was heavy.

Boston's municipal election will be held next Monday. With four candidates in the field, any forecasting of the outcome of the balloting is impossible.

The inaugural of Mayor Wood of Somerville and the address of the chairman of the Board of Aldermen indicate there has been and now exists considerable friction.

Charles W. Morse, at one time known as the ice king and prince of finance, is now an inmate of the prison at Atlanta, Ga., to serve his sentence of fifteen years.

It is said the U. S. Govt. is to take a hand in prosecuting the night raiders in Kentucky and Tennessee, in the tobacco belt. Violation of Sherman act will be the basis.

Richard Stanley, king of the powerful Stanley tribe of Romany Gypsies, died at his home in Roxbury on Monday. He was 77 years old and had ruled with a strong hand for many years.

Railway magnates had an interview with Pres. Taft on Monday. They were given full opportunity to present their side of the controversy over inter-state regulations.

Richard Stanley, king of the powerful Stanley tribe of Romany Gypsies, died at his home in Roxbury on Monday. He was 77 years old and had ruled with a strong hand for many years.

The daring French air navigator Leon Delagrange, met death in his machine on Tuesday. The machine fell and its driver was crushed under it. He held records both for speed and height attained.

**LAST CALL**

The forms of the next  
TELEPHONE DIRECTORY  
close positively on

JAN. 8, 1910

If you are a resident or a prospective resident of this territory and desire to have your name in this book you must give your order AT ONCE

Call up our Local Manager in your town, free of charge, and an Agent will be sent to see you

**New England Telephone and Telegraph Company**

To care for our increased business, we have installed in our offices

**TWO ADDITIONAL RECEIVING TELEPHONES**

**KEEP THEM BUSY!**

Our old number has been discontinued. All lines may now be reached by calling

**LEXINGTON 150**

**LEXINGTON LUMBER CO., LEXINGTON, MASS.**

**EAST LEXINGTON LOCALS.**

"Ring, happy bells, across the snow!  
The old year has gone,-let him go.  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good."

A thrice Happy New Year to all our readers!

"1910!" Even the wisest shouldn't forget that.

We hear that Rev. Mr. Ball, that once preached here, will occupy the pulpit of Follen church next Sunday.

We are requested to state that the Colonial orchestra will begin now and give their dances every Friday evening.

The Gray family have moved from the Heights into the house vacated by the Ramsdell family, on Locust avenue.

The Neighborhood Reading Circle meeting was omitted this week on account of the reception and will occur next week.

The Hill and Hollow Whist Club met last week with Miss Mabel Reynolds. Whist, refreshments and a general good time were enjoyed.

Miss Alice G. Locke came on from Richmond, Indiana, to spend her Christmas vacation with her home people here. She returned, we hear, Sunday.

We are just informed that Mrs. Owen Graves, who resided on Curve street and has been an invalid and ill for some time with tuberculosis, died Dec. 31st, for aged 28 years.

Rev. H. A. MacDonald, wife and baby, intended leaving for Hood River, Oregon, this Friday morning. The heartiest good wishes of church and village will go with them.

Mr. Richard G. Tower has a fine new span of noble looking horses and they are high steppers and present a grand appearance as they prance on the street attached to the sleigh.

A little thaw lowered the snow drifts, but zero weather came soon. The germs of dusty earth are frozen, not cremated. Let us rejoice that we can breathe, though our lips freeze, after the long dust choking.

Friday evening, Jan. 14, of next week, the Colonial orchestra will give a "Character Party," at Village Hall. They hope a goodly number will be in costume and show their colors, so as to make it an attractive and jolly party.

The Alliance of Follen church tendered to Rev. Howard A. MacDonald and wife, Wednesday evening, Jan. 5th, a reception at the church, but our crowded column will prevent a full report until next week, when we can do it better justice.

The supper committee for the Men's Club meeting of East Lexington, which occurs Jan. 17th, 1910, is as follows: F. H. Ingalls, Chas. G. Kauffmann, W. W. Lawrence, Irving Locke, S. G. MacFarland, with Mr. Bartlett Harrington as the chairman.

Recently, "Major" Spaulding, the noble and lovable coolie shepherd dog owned by Mr. Charles Spaulding, died from the effects of an injury, probably caused by contact with the steam cars, as he was found near the tracks with his leg broken, and before his sufferings could be terminated by chloroform, he died. His death is deeply felt by the family, for he was a great pet and more than kind to the children and was good to every one and loved by all far and near.

Rev. H. A. MacDonald addressed the Guild Sunday evening. Many others who were present and all felt most deeply this, his last service as pastor. He spoke on what the young people could do for the church and commended them very highly for the good work they had done and urged them to continue in well doing

**ARLINGTON HEIGHTS LOCALS.**

The Woman's Guild of Park Avenue church meets next Tuesday afternoon.

The usual sessions were resumed at Locke school, on Monday, the opening of the second half of the winter term.

The Woman's Guild of Park Avenue church has sent a box of gifts to a minister in Michigan which was valued at forty-five dollars.

Mr. W. O. Partridge, Jr., is to coach the young people of the High school who are to give a vaudeville performance in Town Hall, the latter part of the month.

Miss Grace Parker, the editor of this column, is absent for two weeks from her accustomed duties, and is the guest of her sister, Mrs. H. B. Wood, at Hudson, N. Y.

Messrs. William Buxton, Clarence Parsons and H. L. Converse have plans well in hand for a subscription party to be held in Crescent Hall, on the evening of January 15.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of Park Avenue church occurs on date of March 31st, 1910. We understand the church intends to take suitable cognizance of this quarter centennial.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. H. Bell, at their home on Appleton street, on Sunday. The parents have the deepest sympathy of friends in that the little life was but a passing gift. It passed away on Tuesday.

A congenial group of friends were entertained last week by Mrs. J. Herbert Mead and made a happy reunion, as Mrs. Dora Dwelley Hill was also of the company, being a guest at the time of Mrs. G. C. Tewksbury. Mrs. Hill left the Heights on Monday of this week.

The annual meeting of Park Avenue Cong. church will be held next Tuesday evening, Jan. 11th. As a prelude to the business meeting, there will be a supper served at six-thirty in the social rooms of the church. The reports of the various departments of the church work will be presented at this time.

Miss Mildred Partridge gave a New Year's party at the home of her parents on Claremont avenue, on the evening of Dec. 31st. The company numbered thirty-five of the friends of the young hostess who had a very happy time dancing the old year out. At the approach of twelve they gathered about the piano and sang. A bountiful collation was served of sandwiches, cream, cake, etc.

One of the largest congregations in the history of the church, marked the services at Park Avenue Congregational church, last Sabbath forenoon. The occasion was the reception into the church membership of nine young people, and the baptism of Florence Hardy, Laura Finley, Lilley Finley and Arthur Spencer. It was a service of no little inspiration to Rev. J. G. Taylor, the pastor, and of deep significance to the church.

Mrs. Farmer entertained the Moon-shine party, on Saturday evening, Jan. 1st, at "Idahurst." The spacious and handsome home of Mrs. Farmer is always a popular meeting place. It was an unusually large gathering at this time and made a very seasonable as well as Happy New Year Party. Mrs. Alexander Livingstone won the first prize which was a handsome set of cut glasses. Music produced by an elegant and finely equipped Victrola was a feature of the evening, and was the wonder and admiration of all.

The Sunday school of Park Avenue church gave a concert exercise in the church, last Sunday afternoon, at four o'clock. Mr. Herbert Snow, the superintendent, had the exercises in charge. A number of young people from the several classes were grouped in a chorus and sang old fashioned Christmas carols in bright and taking way. Recitations and songs by the primary department rounded out a very pleasing exercise. Some of the smallest tots of the school took part and delighted all by the way they acquitted

**CIRCLE LODGE No. 77 A. O. U. W.**

Arlington Heights, Mass.

Lodge Meetings, 2nd and 4th Wednesdays every month.

OFFICERS:  
P. M. W., F. A. Smith, Recdr.; L. L. Peirce,  
M. W., R. S. Torrey, Treas.; C. H. Gannett,  
F. J. H. Hartwood, Fin.; G. C. Tewksbury,  
O. J. G. Pattee, G. J. F. Simbal.

Amount paid to beneficiaries to Jan. 1, 1909,

\$12,835,000.00

All claims paid within 48 hours after receipt of proof of death.

The cheapest life insurance in the U. S.

Social, Fraternal and Beneficial

Eligible to membership: white males from 18 to 45 years of age, of good moral character and of good health.

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Science, Disinfection and Chemistry.

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(Correspondence.)

EDITOR MINUTE-MAN:—A few lines from the "Southland" may be of interest to the readers of our home paper, which I am glad to get every week. The weather this fall has been remarkably fine.

Until a light fall of snow last week, roses and violets were in bloom and looked beautiful to us of the north. We have

considerable fog from the Tennessee river in early morning, mixed with the smoke of which most of the cities of the south have an abundance.

Chattanooga has about 75,000 people and is a trading centre for much surrounding country; also has a varied industry, chiefly of iron products of all kinds. This vicinity was the scene of much fighting during the late unpleasantness. An idea can be had when it is known that there are 16,000 buried in the National Cemetery who gave up their lives in defence of their country. The government has a park of 8,000 acres and maintains over 100 miles of fine roads. In this park many monuments have been erected by the several states as a memorial to their dead.

The soil here is a red clay, which in wet weather is very sticky. The magnolia trees are in leaf the year round, but our green lawns of the north are not here. Pigs and cows outside of the city haunts roam at large and are an odd sight. Living is cheaper than at home. Native beef is mostly used. Porter-house steak sells for 15 cents per pound and eggs 35 cents per dozen. Chickens sell from 25 to 40 cents apiece and are sold alive.

Many of the white people of the south are in poor circumstances, have little educational advantages, are improvident and have large families. Nowhere at home, even among our new population of foreigners in the cities, have I seen worse conditions. As for the colored people, they seem to be taking care of themselves all right. It is interesting studying conditions here,—so different from those at home.

FRANK P. CUTTER,

26 Custom House,  
Chattanooga, Tenn.

"Ceylon" will be given by Burton Holmes at Tremont Temple, Boston, on Friday evening at 8.15 and on Saturday afternoon at 2.30. Mr. Holmes having been in this paradise of the Indian ocean scarcely a year ago, he returns to his patrons with vivid impressions of the charm of its tropical beauty, the quaint picturesqueness of its little people, their characteristic daily life and their own peculiar costumes and customs. By means of an unusually large number of finely colored lantern slides and motion pictures, so realistic as to be actual "scene-transferences" he will make this Travologue even more than usual, the most excellent substitute for a personal visit to this, spot popularly supposed to be the Garden of Eden.

Another week bids fair to be enough to satisfy the demand for "1915" at the Castle Square. Record breaking houses have been the rule ever since the opening performances of Mr. Friebus' musical comedy on Christmas eve, and Mr. Craig intends to allow the public to see "1915" as long as they demand it. The third week, therefore, begins on Monday, and every afternoon and evening the Castle Square will be resounding to the merriment of thousands of playgoers. With its scenes laid in Boston, with an air ship in full view, and with the fairy like mystery of a South Sea island in tropical climes, there is plenty of diversity and variety in this new musical comedy.

Those in search of a light, merry, clean, melodic and fascinatingly spectacular entertainment will find it at the Boston Theatre, where "Bright Eyes" has already scored one of the biggest kinds of a popular hit. Large as is the auditorium of this playhouse, audiences have been almost of a "capacity" character since the first performance and enthusiasm and delight have been universal. The show is a veritable riot of life, melody, color and merriment; not a jumbled mass but consistent, constant jollity and pictures; movement which captivates the eye and music which charms the ear. Mr. Joseph H. Gaite has made a splendid production and supplied a fine company headed by Cecil Lean and Florence Holbrook.

Seal Coats Remade, Relined, Dyed \$10  
Automobile Coats Repaired.  
Muffs Lined \$1 Fur Hats a Specialty  
Drummer's Sample Furs, Muffs, Shawls at Half Price. Furs Made to Order from Fine Selected Skins.

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521 Washington Street, Boston.  
(Opposite B. H. White's)

Total Benefits Paid, \$125,867,779.46.  
Emergency Fund, \$5,096,659.61.  
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PROTECT YOUR  
HOME AND FAMILY

Membership in the ROYAL ARCANUM will be safe, and at a moderate cost.

Do not delay, but join at once.

Menotomy Council, No. 1781, Arlington, Mass.

Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays of each month,  
AT GRAND ARMY HALL.

VISITORS ALWAYS WELCOME.

FULL PARTICULARS may be obtained of Henry A. Kidder, Regent, F. H. David, Secretary, Fran

## Good Stories About Cats.

It is not so easy to train a cat as a dog, but then a performing cat is so much more of a novelty than a performing dog that there is perhaps more fun with her after you do get her trained. An experienced cat trainer says the best pussy to select is not one of fashionable breed, like the Persian.



PERSIAN CAT.

sian or Angora, but just the plain, hunting, roving, thieving, tramp cat that hides in trees and catches birds.

One day while a rich Philadelphia gentleman and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Dilley, were at their summer cottage by the sea in Atlantic City there came to their kitchen door a cat so starved, scared and ragged looking that it grieved Mr. Dilley to see her. He could not help taking her into the kitchen, where he fed her and then washed and brushed her. Mrs. Dilley took a great fancy to the poor stray cat and kept her.

In time Kitty became the mother of three fine kittens—Blackie, Pinkie and Baby Dandy. Baby Dandy and the mother cat both died before very long, and only Blackie and Pinkie were left. And the sense those kittens showed and the fun Mr. Dilley had with them: A tiny opening was cut in the door of the bathroom so the animals could go in and out. Upon the bathroom floor a dish of fresh water was always kept for Blackie and Pinkie.

Once a mouse found its way through a hole into the bathroom. It used even to come and drink water from the kittens' dish. Blackie tried again and



BLACKIE AND PINKIE.

again in vain to catch it. Then—one can hardly believe it—that shrewd cat actually laid a trap for the mouse. Blackie and Pinkie liked boiled chestnuts better than anything else, and their kind master always kept them plentifully supplied with these. Finding he could not get Mr. Mouse any other way, one day Blackie brought a big fat chestnut and laid it upon the bathroom floor near the mouse hole. Then he lay in wait, watching. The mouse could not resist the smell of the tempting bait, so stole over so softly out to grab it. But that instant Blackie pounced upon Mr. Mouse and killed him. After that Blackie ate the chestnut himself. Does not this prove that cats have sense?

**Predicaments and Remedies.**  
The company being seated in a circle, each person whispers to his right hand neighbor some trying situation and to his left a remedy.

One's neighbor to his left whispers, "What would you do if you were invited to dine with the president?" while from the right he is told to "wear a mackintosh."

When he is called on to give his combination he says: "I was asked what I would do if I were invited to dine with the president. I would wear a mackintosh."

The next one may say: "I was asked what I would do if a burglar got in the house. I would take a small dose of paregoric."

### Questions and Answers.

Why are young ladies bad grammarians? Because so few can decline matrimony.

Why did the highlanders do most harm at Waterloo? Because every man had one kilt before the battle.—Philadelphia Ledger.

### Fixing the Centiped.

Poor old Mr. Centiped  
Was walking out one day.  
An auto passed and knocked him down  
And broke his legs, they say.

He had to walk on crutches  
Or be pushed around the street  
In a fancy acorn rolling chair  
With a nice, soft downy seat.

But this got very tiresome.  
He went worse all the time.  
Who charged him just a dime.

The doctor took some instrument  
And whittled out some parts  
And made for Mr. Centiped  
A hundred wooden legs.

### COLOSSUS OF RHODES.

One of the Ancient Seven Wonders of the World.

The ancients succeeded in making that alloy of copper which is known as bronze. Among the seven wonders of the world was the famous statue, wholly made of bronze, historically known as the Colossus of Rhodes. It represented Phœbus, the national deity of the Rhodians. It was begun by Chares, a pupil of Lysippus, the sculptor, and was completed by Laches 288 B. C. The popular belief is that it stood astride the harbor of Rhodes, that it was 105 feet high and that ships could easily sail between its legs.

Pliny said that few men could clasp its thumb. It was cast on metal plates, afterward joined together, and this process occupied twelve years. In the interior was a spiral staircase reaching into its head, and in a great mirror suspended to its neck were reflected the coast of Syria and the ships sailing to Egypt.

After it had stood for sixty-four years this colossus was overthrown by an earthquake, and its remains lay on the shore for 923 years—that is, until A. D. 672—when they were sold by the Saracens to a dealer. The original cost was 300 talents—about \$6,000,000—and it is not too much to say that a similar image might be constructed now in one-fourth of the time and at one-third of the original cost. Rhodes, by the way, must have had colossi on the brain, for Pliny relates that the port was adorned with 1,000 colossal statues of the sun.

### LONDON THEATERS.

The Ordeal of Getting Past the Aged Ticket Taker.

The first difference I always find between going to the play in London and in New York is that in New York the man who has paid for a seat is made to feel that he is a patron of the house, while in London he is greeted by the staff of the theater not exactly as an intruder, but as a necessary evil. They appreciate that an audience is a necessary evil, but sooner than have one they would almost prefer to close the house.

In London for that importantly strategic outpost of ticket taker an old man of eighty is always employed. You think this is accident, but it is not. Old age naturally suggests failing eyesight, and when he keeps you waiting in the foyer while he examines your ticket and assures himself that it is not a laundry bill or a motor bus receipt you attribute the delay to his old eyes. But in detaining you he has a motive. Standing at his elbow, scowling darkly, there always is another man, apparently a plain clothes out from Scotland Yard, uncomfortably disguised in evening dress. And while the aged ticket taker pretends to scrutinize your ticket the lookout man scans you. You cannot escape his eye. He never sleeps. No American, no matter how reckless, can hope to pass that man with a concealed bomb or a revolver or wearing a white tie with a dinner coat.—Collier's.

### Flies at Sea.

The finding of flies and butterflies a long way out at sea is perhaps to most readers a fact not very well known. A recent traveler in the tropics relates that when thirty miles out from land a plague of flies overtook the vessel on which he was steaming. The cabin was so full of them that the beans were blackened. Common black houseflies they were for the most part, with, however, a good sprinkling of large green flies. Where they could have come from was a mystery, but they were a terrible nuisance, and, although those on board swept off hundreds in a net, their numbers were not sensibly diminished. Another singular circumstance was that, although no land was in sight, large dragon flies repeatedly flew across the ship, and a large dark butterfly was observed to fly across in the direction of the nearest land, quite thirty miles away, without stopping to rest on the vessel at all.—London Globe.

### Both Rather Flippant.

There is a curious parallelism between two stories told respectively of the late Mr. Spurgeon and of Dean Swift.

Mr. Spurgeon on hearing of the devastation wrought by an earthquake in Essex merely remarked, "I am glad to hear that my county is moving at last."

The dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, was watching with a friend the roof of a building on which several men were at work fixing slates. Suddenly one of the men vanished. Thereupon the dean turned to his companion and said, "I like to see a man go quickly through his work."

### Egotism of Genius.

When Wordsworth, Southey and Coleridge were walking together, and Coleridge remarked that the day was so fine "it might have been ordered for three poets," the gentle Wordsworth promptly exclaimed: "Three poets! Who are the other two?"

Disraeli, when a mere youth, wrote to his sister that he had heard Macaulay, Shell and Grant speak, "but between ourselves I could flout them all." And again he said, "When I want to read a good book I write one."

### His Birthday.

"When were you born?" asked an inquisitive of Robert Louis one day. "May 10, 1880," was the instant reply. And Robert Louis and Fanny Stevenson exchanged glances. This was their wedding day.

### A Foot Rule.

Workman—Is there a foot rule in this house? Housekeeper—Yes. Everybody wipes their feet on this mat before they dare come in!—Comic Cuts.

## The Land of Puzzledom.

### No. 780.—Number Sentence.

100 50 1 0 was always 100 1 5 1 50, but when angry grew 100 1 5 1 500. She lived above the 1000 0 1 50 of the 100 1 50 50 and liked to study the 100 1 50—a Spanish poem.

### No. 781.—Riddles.

I rear my head above the mart. I stand above and am the part Of objects sacred to the heart. And yet, a failure quite complete. Pretension fills me and deceit, And in the end I know defeat.

II.

I am as plain as every day can be, And I exist to help all people see, Yet I am often blinded, as you will agree, I have my way with peasant and with king.

III.

I am dredged more than any living thing, A thousand ills from me will quickly spring.

—Youth's Companion.

### No. 782.—Anagram.

"SOLITARY PEN!" What pen, I ask, is that?

The pen whose written sentences reveal The WHOLE of him who guides it and whose thought He feels himself, then makes his readers feel.

### No. 783.—A Kink Character.

I am composed of a nickname and something to eat. I live in high places and build my house of thorny sticks, plastering it inside and lining it with dried grass. My dress is usually bright blue, with black and white bars. My voice is quite harsh, and I can talk but little. I am quite thievish, and if you should shake me up you might find: 1. A representation of the earth. 2. A frolic. 3. A vacant place. 4. A precious stone. 5. A favorite refreshment. 6. A vegetable. 7. A servant. 8. A likeness. 9. A small fiend. 10. A person.

Who am I?

### No. 784.—Charade.

A wonder healer is Doctor COMPLETE. To ONE TWO their ailments, his patients to treat. He measures out lotions and potions in doses That ONE TWO diseases save chronic neurosis. There's phthisis, ophthalmia, bruises and sprains. Neuralgia, fevers and rheumatic pains. For headache and toothache his WHOLE —panacea—

Works magic till you learn of the fee a Physician like him can collect at his option. Since rules made for LAST are not his by adoption. A wonderfully charger is Doctor COMPLETE.

Whose ONES and his fees are alike hard to beat.

### No. 785.—Illustrated Central Acrostic.

Each of the nine objects shown in this illustration may be described by one word. When the nine words to equal length have been rightly



guessed and written one below another the middle letters will spell the name of a man who signed the Declaration of Independence.—St. Nicholas.

### No. 785.—Beheadings.

Find the word for the first blank, behead it to get the word for the second blank and behead again for the third.

Be sure to make an early—

If you would make a toothsome—

For cooking is no trivial—

### No. 787.—Prefixion.

Prefix one letter for each change. Come where the ladies are TWO their pink ONE.

They THREE and they drink and seem having great fun.

Through FOUR and through cold grew the FIVE that must grow!

Here sandwich or biscuit or cake they can know.

### Riddle.

What is odd about a horse's eating? He eats best when he hasn't a bit in his mouth.

### Key to Puzzledom.

No. 772.—Inversions: 1. Doom, mood. 2. Drab, bard. 3. War, raw. 4. Dew, wed. 5. Pool, loop. 6. Edile, elide. 7. Emir, rime. 8. Pans, snap.

No. 773.—Charade: Man-dole-in; mat-doli.

No. 774.—A Mythological Garland: Rose or myrtle—Venus; olive—Minerva; anemone—Adonis; narcissus—Narcissus; sunflower—Clytie; pine needle leaves—Pan.

No. 775.—Novel Acrostic: Initials, All-hallowmas; third row, Thanksgiving. Crosswords: 1. Angels. 2. Linger. 3. Loiter. 4. Havana. 5. Abides. 6. League. 7. Lessee. 8. Orkney. 9. Wander. 10. Meager. 11. Athens. 12. Setter.

No. 776.—Missing Word Puzzle: The word "tomato" when placed in the blank spaces makes the sentence read as follows: "Take this tomato into the kitchen and give it to me to cut up for salad."

No. 777.—Central Acrostic: Rowena. 1. Sh-O-ne. 2. Sh-E-l. 3. To-W-er. 4. Cr-A-te. 5. Pa-R-y. 6. Pa-N-le.

No. 778.—Missing Rivers: Tweed, Ayr, Dee, Doon, Tay.

No. 779.—Riddle: Eye.

### CAUGHT THE MOOD.

#### The Incident That Helped Verdi With His "Miserere."

Men of genius are confessedly creatures of mood. Grief and adversity have often been a real help to them rather than a hindrance. Poe, it is said, produced "The Raven" while sitting at the bedside of his sleeping but dying wife. Many similar instances might be cited, but an anecdote of Verdi, told by Carlo Cecarelli, will suffice.

On one occasion when Verdi was engaged on his well known opera, "Il Trovatore," he stopped short at the passage of the "Miserere," being at a loss to combine notes of sufficient sadness and pathos to express the grief of the prisoner. Mainrico.

Sitting at his piano in the deep stillness of the winter night, his imagination wandered back to the stormy days of his youth, endeavoring to extract from the past a plaint, a groan, like those which escaped from his breast when he saw himself forsaken by the world. All in vain!

One day at Milan he was unexpectedly called to the bedside of a dying friend, one of the few who had remained faithful to him in adversity and prosperity. Verdi at the sight of his dying friend felt a lump rise in his throat. He wanted to weep, but so intense was his grief that not a tear flowed.

In an adjoining room stood a piano Verdi, under one of those sudden impulses to which barbarians will turn objects which to civilized races are things of the humblest utility are amusingly illustrated by this "fashion note" from West Africa taken from an Italian newspaper:

For some time the officials of the German colony in Southwest Africa noticed that the telephone wires and other accessories of the electrical plant disappeared as by magic immediately after they had been put up. The most diligent inquiries remained fruitless. From other parts of the German possessions came reports of strange predilections for articles of German commerce, as, for example, rubber heels, garters, buckles, and so forth, things which the natives of those countries do not generally use.

The governor of the colony gave an entertainment one year in honor of the emperor's birthday and invited the chiefs of the different tribes to it. What was his surprise when he saw these native gentlemen appear with his stolen telephone wires twisted round their illustrious necks. The higher the dignity the more rings of the wire were round the neck. Inquiries were soon started in the outlying villages, and it came to light that the white china insulators of the telephone poles had become earrings. A young lady of the highest distinction in native society wore a rubber heel hanging from her nose, and a young man who was a well known dandy wore dangling from his ears a pair of beautiful pink silk garters.

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### A Soldier's Beginnings.

We were visiting at Sandringham. Sir Evelyn Wood, who is very deaf, crept up as near as he could to the musicians, and in one of the pauses he said to me, "Are you fond of music?" I answered, "Yes." "Do you play anything?" I said. "No." "Well," he went on, "I am so fond of it that, would you believe it, I began to practice scales at twenty-four. But one day my sister came up and put her hand on my shoulder and said, 'My dear boy, you had better give that up,' and so I did." He also told me that he began life as a sailor, then went to the bar and finally entered the army. The only profession he had not tried was the church, and his enemies say he would have tried that, only he did not know what church to choose.—Life of Sir William Broadbent."

### The Falling Branch.

In the grounds of Dalhousie castle, Scotland, is said to be a famous example of the sympathy of the vegetable world with human death. It was anciently believed in the neighborhood that branch always fell from this oak when a member of the family died. Apparently the fall of the original tree early in the eighteenth century did not break the sympathy, for a new one sprang from the old root, and it is upon record that as lately as 1874 an old forester, seeing a branch fall from this on a still day, cried, "The laird's dead now!" News of

# FACTS IN FEW LINES

The clarinet was invented in 1690. This country has 900 trade journals. Women constitute 5.5 per cent of the convicts in American prisons.

Five tons of human hair are annually imported by London merchants.

Sewing on buttons is not a wifely duty in Japan. There are no buttons.

Electric engines will haul the ships through the Panama canal when the big ditch is completed.

The hull of cotton is used in China for fertilizing purposes; farmers paying about \$2 a ton for it.

There is a revival in Cuba of the effort to encourage by government subsidies the immigration of farmers.

There are three times as many Buddhists, Brahmins, Mohammedans and pagans in the world as there are Christians.

Italy levies a graduated income tax as well as a direct tax on land and houses. Smaller incomes are exempt from taxation.

The lighthouse of Helgoland has a light of 30,000,000 candlepower. At Nuremberg a lamp ten times as powerful has been made.

Of the 88,000,000 population of the United States, one-third, speaking in round numbers, are found in the thirteen original states.

Cutting off the pigtail and a radical change in costumes are strongly urged to the present Chinese regent by his brother, Prince Tsai Tao.

The permanent international peace bureau at a recent session in Brussels took action in favor of the establishment of an international relief fund.

A Hungarian bookbinder named Hirsch recently hanged himself at Budapest because, as he explained in a letter, he could not remember his favorite tune.

Santo Domingo, according to an English mineralogist who explored it, is a geological curiosity shop, containing scattered samples of nearly every well-known mineral.

The Institute of Marine Engineers in London recently discussed the subject, and H. A. Mayor of Glasgow said that the prospect for electric propulsion for ships is very hopeful.

China buys in San Francisco \$100,000 of seaweed a year. The claim for seaweed is that when it is used in upholstering furniture it is kept free of moths and other insects.

As a rival of the United States in supplying the world with grain Argentina has to overcome several impressive obstacles. Among them are droughts, revolutions, labor troubles, excessive rains and frosts.

A famous vistaria in Japan is that to be found at Kashikabe, northeast of Tokyo. The vine is 500 years old and grows over trellises covering a space of 4,000 feet. Its pendent clusters are more than fifty inches long.

The study of foreign languages is making rapid progress in German schools. Most of the teachers are native born French and English. This work is a powerful factor in Germany's progress as a power in international commerce.

To allow moving pictures to be seen without darkening the room in which they are shown a French inventor frames the screen with dark curtains, hung a short distance in front of it, to cut off all light except that from the projecting machine.

The beggars and street singers of Marseilles, France, met and formed an organization for the protection of their interests and to resist the encroachment of pretenders. A constitution was drawn up, bylaws made and initiation set upon membership.

The Brazilian curers of meat claim that Spanish salt is best for making jerked beef, and they complain of the high import duty on salt. The native salt producers assert that Brazilian salt is quite as good as the imported. The present imports of salt amount to nearly \$500,000 a year.

The Paris Eclair announces that an absolutely stable smokeless powder has been discovered and is now at the service of the French army and navy. Chemical agents, heat, excessive cold, humidity, light and Herzian waves have no effect upon this powder, which can only be fired by a special detonator.

It is unlawful in Canada for a salesman or agent to allow secret commissions, rebates or considerations of any kind for the purpose of influencing or effecting sales of merchandise under a penalty, upon conviction, of two years' imprisonment or the imposition of a fine not to exceed \$2,500 or both.

Old tin cans which find their way to the domestic rubbish heap have been turned to good account by the Liverpool corporation. Last year from this source the health committee realized \$1,500. In future the revenue is likely to be increased, because the authorities are engaged in putting down a new plant.

About seventy years ago Benjamin Atherton of Houlton, Me., received an English willow walking stick from a friend who had walked from Woodstock, N. B., carrying the stick with him. Mr. Atherton planted the stick in his yard, and it is now a great tree with a girth of eighteen feet three inches at the base.

Germany's minister of the interior has addressed to the heads of the various governments within the empire a circular recalling the information that the Kaiser from his private purse makes a grant amounting to about \$15 on the birth of an eighth son in any family of the same father and mother. The Kaiser also promises to stand as godfather to the lucky eighth son.

## Duffy, Brakeman

"Jist a Big, Stupid Lad That's Faithful Intirely."

By FRANK H. SWEET.

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Duffy, brakeman on No. 3, sat in the roundhouse with his head in his hands.

Katie had been accepting McARDLE's attentions with ostentatious favor of late, and the evening before starting out, in his presence, she had turned to McARDLE and spoken of the delights of trolley riding. It had resulted in a prompt invitation, while he stood stupidly by and listened.

So when the warning toot of the engine recalled the men from their lunch Duffy rose with all the indecision gone from his gray eyes and shook chin.

An increasing rumble was vibrating the rails to the west. Another few minutes and the express would sweep in, making its three minutes' stop and then tear off into the east. As its rear car passed the rails of the siding the switch tender would connect the rails and allow the freight to roll out.

Duffy was vigilant and careful that night as he had never been before. Every movement of a foot, every grip of his fingers, was made with the thought that it might be the one which was to hold him back from death. But all his care, his vigilance, his tense muscles, were without avail. There was a sharp grade where the car wheels slipped on the icy rails and where the help of every brake became necessary. Duffy had set his and was edging across a car to assist a chilled neighbor when his foot slipped the fraction an inch. But it was enough for the wind and sudden lurch to wrench him loose and send him slipping and rolling off the car top into the darkness.

When they picked him up and brought him back the trainmen said he was the luckiest man who had ever fallen from a car top under full speed, for he had struck upon a steep embankment and slid a hundred yards down the snow with only a broken leg and some bruises to show for the fall. As he had no people to notify, they took him straight to the Elton hospital, where he would be cared for by the railroad, though Duffy insisted that he should pay his own expenses. There was an odd look of content on his face as the surgeon made the examination. It was a small price to pay for McARDLE's life and Katie's happiness.

He was not much surprised the next day to see Katie herself coming down between the cots, her face pale and her eyes full of tears, or to have her sink on her knees beside him and press her face down close to his. Katie was loving and impulsive, and of course she was grateful for what he had done. But there was a warm glow in his heart, nevertheless, even for this remembrance.

Duffy was naturally slow and methodical and, though daring all, careful to a degree. Fortunately there were few stops or grades that called for early braking, and for the most part he was able to stay at the rear car brake and even occasionally during long runs to slip down into the ca-

boose.

But as the afternoon grayed into evening and the evening blacked into night his face grew more troubled and anxious. Beyond Elton was a wild country, with sharp up and down grades where brakes would have to be frequently changed. On that part of the road in the darkness a careful man on top of the freight would be in such danger as the soldier facing battles.

Duffy had been thinking of the hills and of the almost certain fate of recklessness, inexperienced McARDLE on the night trip through them. His square chin and white face meant the extending of the right hand of friendship to his successful rival and the giving up of any personal matter or advantage that would tend to the rival's help, for that would be the best way to help Katie. There was a scarcity of brakemen in the passenger service, and before long one of them would be sure of promotion. His name would come before McARDLE's on the freight promotion. Now he must find some way to lower his record so that McARDLE's name should rank first. The passenger service meant comparative safety and better remuneration.

But those hills! He had been thinking of them since the melted snow became rigid, glassy ice, and now the words of the experienced brakeman confirmed his worst fears. If McARDLE took the hill trip there would be no use planning help without, if such thoughts occurred to Duffy they were spurned unceremoniously aside. Katie's tear dimmed eyes were studying him suspiciously.

"Was it for McARDLE ye wint," she demanded suddenly, "him that is no friend to ye? It was a bad night entirely, as many brakeman could tell if he was here, an' everybody knows that McARDLE wid his foolish ways would have been one o' them had he gone. Was it for him, Duffy?"

"No, it wasn't for him," he answered almost savagely. "It was for you, Katie, darl."

His lips closed upon the word sharply, so sharply that the teeth met them, and a dark red line oozed along the grimly shut mouth. Then the mouth quivered, relaxed, and the gray eyes flew wide their lids with amazed inquiry. Two arms were around his neck, a fair, sweet face was pressed penitently against his, and tears, not from his own eyes, were wetting his cheeks.

"Tis a bad crathure I am, acushla!" the girl sobbed. "But we've been sweethearts ever since we were children in school, Duffy, an' ye ought to have known. Only ye was so—so slow that I got tired wid the waltin', an' when McARDLE come along I thought I could make ye a bit jealous so maybe ye'd speak. An'—an' ye wint off to kill yourself for a light head that isn't worth your little finger. Tis a hero ye are, Duffy, an' I'm proud of ye, but I couldn't love ye a bit more. I—I—" The sobbing grew less, and the face was raised so that sudden reproach flashed upon him through misty eyes. "Tis shame for a girl whin a man is that slow an' stupid she has to do both the seekin' an' the speakin'," she said with pitying scorn. "I take back the words I just spoke. Tis no hero ye are, Duffy, but a big, stupid lad that's faithful intirely."

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"Yes, sir; he has a room just across the street. He's likely ready, but doesn't know we're here ahead of time."

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